

THE PROGRESSIVE ROAD TO READING

BOOK ONE



SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY

THE PROGRESSIVE ROAD TO READING

Book One

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THE PROGRESSIVE ROAD TO READING

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INTRODUCTION

THIS series is the outgrowth of regular class-room work in Public School No. 147, Manhattan, New York City. Its purpose is to inspire the child with a desire to read, by opening up to him the story-world, and through his love of reading, to give him the power to read.

In order that the pupil may be animated by the most effective of all stimuli, interest, the authors have based their method on a collection of legends and folk tales. Selected from the classics of childhood, these stories have real literary value; they sparkle with life and action, and the illustrations effectively help to bring the child into the atmosphere of the story.

The first story, "The Hen and the Bag of Flour," is followed by two supplementary stories; the second, "The Sun is Shining," by three; the third, "The Sky is Falling," by two; and the fourth, "The Hungry Fox," by two. These supplementary stories, having very few new words, serve the double purpose of furnishing material for independent preparation on the part of the more advanced

pupil, and of giving to the less advanced a necessary review without deadening repetition.

The first four stories, with the nine supplementary stories, form the basis of sound-work, and should be read slowly. The completion of this part of the work should require about fifteen weeks. During this time constant attention should be given to sound-work. Phonetic development is more important than the mere ability to recognize a stock of sight words.

The aim of this phonetic work is not that children may read a certain number of pages from the printed book, but that they may acquire a key to printed language. With the acquisition of this key, power to read independently will grow apace.

BOOK ONE



THE HEN AND THE BAG OF FLOUR

The Hen found a bag of flour.

She tried to carry it home herself.

Then she went to the Duck.

“Please, Duck, help me
to carry my bag of flour.”

But the Duck said, “No.”

Then she went to the Turkey.

“Please, Turkey, help me
to carry my bag of flour.”

But the Turkey said, “No.”

Then she went to the Goose.

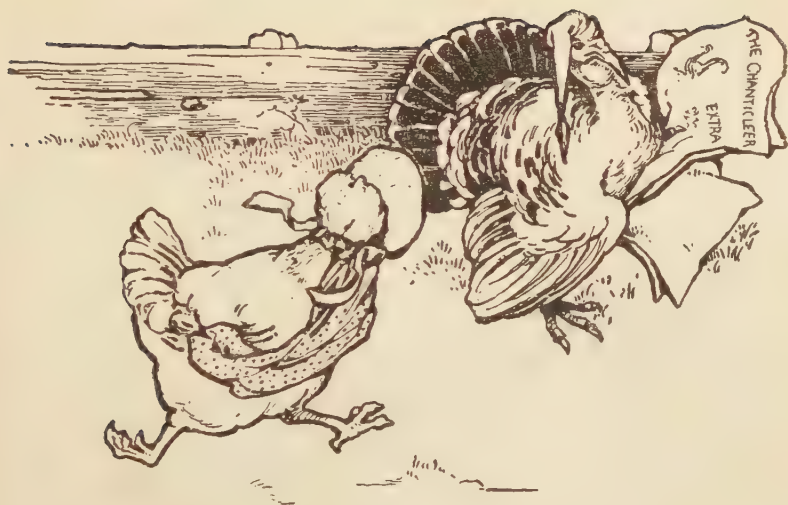
“Please, Goose, help me
to carry my bag of flour.”

But the Goose said, “No.”

So the Hen had to carry it home
herself.

The Hen tried to make the bread
herself.





Then she went to the Duck.

“Please, Duck, help me
to make my bread.”

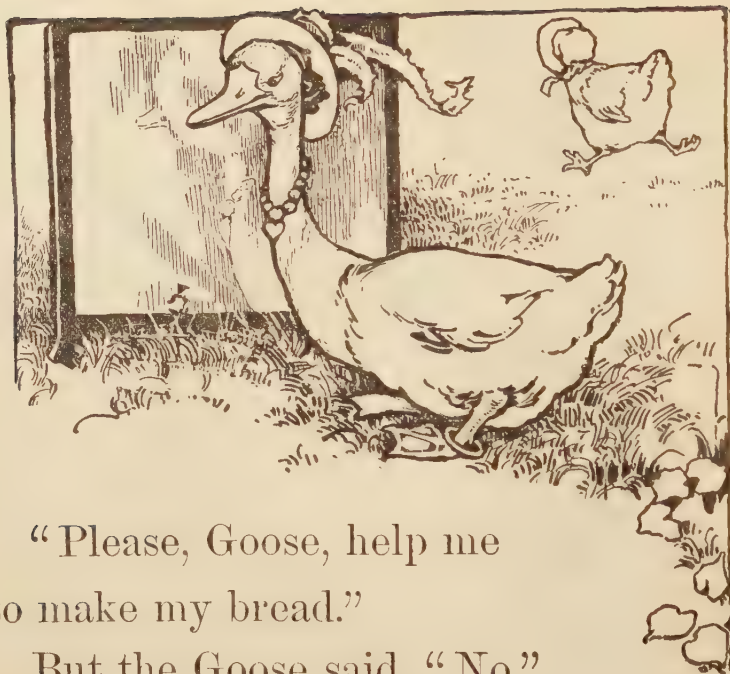
But the Duck said, “No.”

Then she went to the Turkey.

“Please, Turkey, help me
to make my bread.”

But the Turkey said, “No.”

Then she went to the Goose.



“Please, Goose, help me
to make my bread.”

But the Goose said, “No.”

So the Hen had to make the bread
herself.

When the bread was made,
the Hen went to the Duck.

“Please, Duck, help me
to eat my bread.”

“Oh, yes!” said the Duck.

Then she went to the Turkey.

“Please, Turkey, help me
to eat my bread.”

“Oh, yes!” said the Turkey.

Then she went to the Goose.

“Please, Goose, help me
to eat my bread.”

“Oh, yes!” said the Goose.

But the Hen said, “I will not
give you any. I will eat it myself.”





LITTLE RED HEN

Little Red Hen found a bag of flour.

“Who will carry my bag of flour?”
asked Little Red Hen.

“Not I,” said the Duck.

“Not I,” said the Goose.

“Not I,” said the Turkey.

“Then I will carry it myself,”
said Little Red Hen.

“Who will make my bread?”
asked Little Red Hen.

“Not I,” said the Duck.

“Not I,” said the Goose.

“Not I,” said the Turkey.

“Then I will make it myself,”
said Little Red Hen.

And she made the bread herself.

When the bread was made,
Little Red Hen asked,

“Who will bake my bread?”

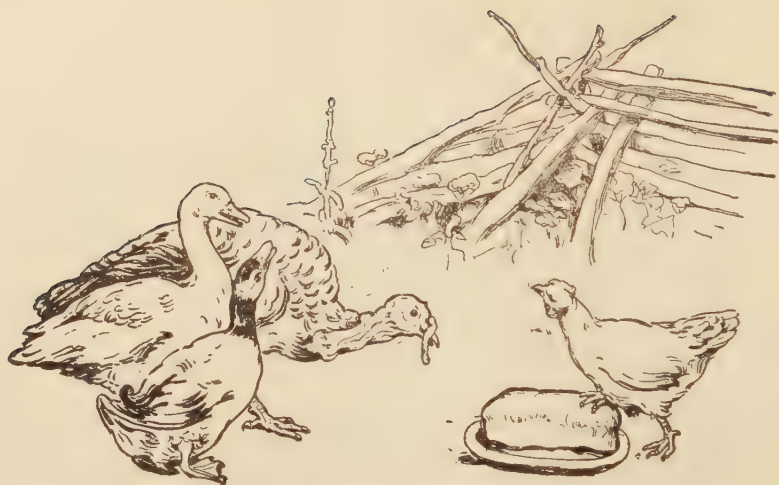
“Not I,” said the Duck.

“Not I,” said the Goose.

“Not I,” said the Turkey.

“Then I will bake it myself,”
said Little Red Hen.

And she baked the bread herself.



When the bread was baked,
Little Red Hen asked,
“Who will eat the bread?”

“I will,” said the Duck.

“I will,” said the Goose.

“I will,” said the Turkey.

But Little Red Hen said,
“I will not give you any,
I will eat it myself.”



THE RAT, THE HEN, THE PIG,
AND THE DUCK

“Here are some grains of wheat,”
said the Hen. “I will plant them.”

Then she said to the Pig,
“Pig, help me to plant
these grains of wheat.”

“No,” said the Pig, “I will not.”

She said to the Rat,
“Rat, help me to plant
these grains of wheat.”

“No,” said the Rat, “I will not.”

She said to the Duck,
“Duck, help me to plant
these grains of wheat.”

“No,” said the Duck, “I will not.”

“Then I will do it,” said the Hen.

The wheat grew up tall.

Then the Hen said to the Pig,
“Pig, will you help me
to cut the wheat?”

“No,” said the Pig, “I will not.”

She said to the Rat,
“Rat, help me to cut the wheat.”

“No,” said the Rat, “I will not.”

She said to the Duck,
“Duck, will you help me
to cut the wheat?”

“No,” said the Duck, “I will not.”
So the Hen cut it herself.

When the wheat was cut,
the Hen said to the Pig,
“Pig, will you help me
to carry the wheat to the mill?”

“No,” said the Pig, “I will not.”

She said to the Rat,
“Rat, will you help me
to carry the wheat to the mill?”

“No,” said the Rat, “I will not.”

She said to the Duck,
“Duck, will you help me
to carry the wheat to the mill?”



“I will not,” said the Duck.

So the Hen carried it to the mill herself.

When the flour came home from the mill, the Hen said,

“Pig, will you help me to make my bread?”

But the Pig said, “No.”

She said to the Rat,

“Rat, help me to make my bread.”

“No,” said the Rat, “I will not.”

She said to the Duck,

“Duck, help me to make my bread.”

“No,” said the Duck, “I will not.”

“Then I will make it myself,”
said the Hen.



THE HEN CARRIED IT TO THE MILL HERSELF.



When the bread was made,
the Hen said, "Pig, will you help me
to bake the bread?"

"I will not," said the Pig.

She said to the Rat,
"Rat, help me to bake the bread."

"No," said the Rat, "I will not."

She said to the Duck,
"Duck, help me to bake my bread."

"No," said the Duck, "I will not."

So the Hen baked the bread herself.

When the bread was baked,
the Hen said, "Pig, will you help me

to eat the bread?"

"Yes," said the Pig, "I will."

She said to the Rat,

"Will you help me to eat the bread?"

"Yes," said the Rat, "I will."

She said to the Duck,

"Will you help me to eat the bread?"

"Yes," said the Duck, "I will."

But the Hen said, "I will not give you any. You would not help me, so I will eat it myself."





THE SUN IS SHINING

“The sun is shining,”
said Little Lark.

“I will fly away to the King,
and sing him a song.”

So he flew away and away,
till he met Brown Fox.

“Where are you going,
Little Lark?” asked Brown Fox.

“I am going to the King,
to sing him a song,” said Little Lark.

“Stay with me,” said Brown Fox.
“I will show you my pretty fur.”



“No, no, Brown Fox,”
said Little Lark,
“I will not stay with you.
You would only eat me up.”
And he flew away.

In the woods he met Gray Pussy.
“Where are you going, Little Lark?”
asked Gray Pussy.
“I am going to the King,
to sing him a song,” said Little Lark.

“Stay with me,” said Gray Pussy.
“I will show you a pretty apple.”

“No, no, Gray Pussy,”
said Little Lark,
“I will not stay with you.
You would only eat me up.”



And he flew away.

In the road he met Black Snake.
“Where are you going,
Little Lark?” asked Black Snake.

“I am going to the King,
to sing him a song,”
said Little Lark.



“Stay with me,” said Black Snake.
“I will show you my pretty rings.”
“No, no, Black Snake,”
said Little Lark,



“I will not stay with you.
You would only eat me up.”

So he flew away and away,
over the fields and the woods,
till he came to the King's house.

Into the King's room he flew,
and sang his sweet song.

And the King thanked him,
and gave him some feathers
for his nest.

THE LARK, THE FOX, THE CAT
AND THE SNAKE

Once upon a time
there was a Little Lark.

He lived in a field.

He flew about
in the sunshine,
and sang all day.



One day he said,
“The sun is shining.
I will go to the King,
and sing him a song.”

So he flew away and away,
till he met Brown Fox.

“Good morning, Little Lark,”
said Brown Fox.

“Where are you going to-day?”



“I am going to the King,
to sing him a song,”
said Little Lark.

“Don’t go, Little Lark,”
said Brown Fox. “Stay with me.
I will give you a bag of apples.”

“No, Brown Fox,” said Little Lark,
“I will not stay with you.

You would only eat me up."

And he flew away.

In the woods he met Gray Pussy.

"Good morning, Little Lark,"
said Gray Pussy.

"Where are you going to-day?"

"I am going to the King,
to sing him a song,"
said Little Lark.

"Don't go, Little Lark,"
said Gray Pussy.

"Stay and talk to me.

I will show you my pretty fur."

"No, Gray Pussy," said Little Lark,
"I will not stay with you.

You would only eat me up."

And he flew away.





In the road he met Black Snake.

“Good morning, Little Lark,”

said Black Snake.

“Where are you going to-day?”

“I am going to the King,
to sing him a song,” said Little Lark.

“Don’t go, Little Lark,”
said Black Snake.

“Stay and talk to me.

I will show you my pretty rings.”

“No, no, Black Snake,”
said Little Lark,
“I will not stay with you.
You would only eat me up.”
And he flew away.

By and by, he came
to the King’s house,
and flew in at the window.

He sang his sweet song to the King.
The King thanked him, and gave him
some feathers for his nest.



THE RAT AND THE KING

Once there was a Rat.

He was a fat, black Rat.

He lived in the King's house.

One day he met the King
in the kitchen.

The Rat said, "Please, King,
give me something to eat."

"No," said the King. "You steal.
I will not give you anything to eat,
so run away."

But the Rat would not go away.

The King went and called Gray Cat.

He said, "There is a Rat
in the kitchen. Go and eat him up."

But the Rat ran away.

He was afraid of Gray Cat.



THE HEN AND THE LARK

The Hen said,

“I will play in the garden.

The sun shines there.

It always shines in the garden.”

The Lark, too, was in the garden.

The Lark said, “Sing for me, Hen.”

“Cluck! Cluck!” sang the Hen.

Then the Lark said,
"Duck, you sing."

"Quack! Quack!" sang the Duck.

Then the Lark said,
"Please, Turkey, sing for me.
You sing. Do you not?"

The Turkey said, "I cannot sing.
Only the Lark can sing a song."

So the Lark sang his sweet song.

And the Hen, and the Duck,
and the Turkey said, "Thank you."





THE SKY IS FALLING

A Hen was playing by herself
in the garden, when a bean fell
on her head.

“The sky is falling,” said the Hen.
“I will go and tell the King.”

So she walked and walked,
till she met a Duck.

“Where are you going?”
asked the Duck.

“The sky is falling,” said the Hen.

“I am going to tell the King.”

“I will go with you,”

said the Duck.

“Come along,” said the Hen.

So the Hen and the Duck
walked on, till they met a Turkey.

“Where are you going?”

asked the Turkey.

“The sky is falling,” said the Hen.

“We are going to tell the King.”

“I will go, too,” said the Turkey.

So the Hen, the Duck, and the Turkey
walked on, till they met a Fox.

“Where are you all going?”

asked the Fox.

"The sky is falling," said the Hen.
"We are going to tell the King."
"I will go with you," said the Fox.
"No, no," said the Hen.
"We do not want you.
You would only eat us up."

So they walked and walked,
till they came to the King's house.

When they saw the King, they said,
"O King, the sky is falling!"

And the King thanked them,
and gave each one a bag of gold.



THE BROWN HEN

A Brown Hen lived
in a wee, brown house,
near a garden.

Beans grew in the garden,
and peas, and apples.

And the Brown Hen
liked to eat the beans,
and the peas, and the apples.

One day she was in the garden,
eating beans.

A bean fell on her head.

“The sky is falling,”
said the Brown Hen.

“I will go and tell the King.”

So she ran away and away,
till she met a Goose.



“Where are you going,
Brown Hen?” asked the Goose.

“The sky is falling,” said the Hen.
“I am going to tell the King.”

“How do you know
that the sky is falling?”
asked the Goose.

“Some of it fell on my head,”
said the Hen.

“I will go, too,” said the Goose.

So the Hen and the Goose
ran and ran and ran,





till they met a Turkey.

“Where are you going,
Brown Hen?” asked the Turkey.

“The sky is falling,” said the Hen.
“We are going to tell the King.”

“How do you know
that the sky is falling?”
asked the Turkey.

“Some of it fell on my head,”
said the Hen.

“I will go, too,” said the Turkey.



So the Hen, the Goose,
and the Turkey ran and ran,
till they met a Fox.

“Where are you going?”
asked the Fox.

“The sky is falling,” said the Hen.
“We are going to tell the King.”

“How do you know

that the sky is falling?"

asked the Fox.

"Some of it fell on my head,"
said the Hen.

"Then I will go, too," said the Fox.

"No, indeed," said the Hen.

"We do not want you.

You would only eat us up."

So they ran on and on and on,
till they came to the King's house.

Then the Hen said to the Goose,
"Goose, you talk to the King."

The Goose shook her head, and said,
"Turkey, you talk to the King."

The Turkey shook her head and said,
"Hen, you talk to the King.
Nothing fell on my head."



But the Hen said,
“We will all talk to the King.”

Then the Hen said,
“O King, the sky is falling!”

The Goose said,
“O King, the sky is falling!”

The Turkey said,
“O King, the sky is falling!
We came to tell you.”

And the King thanked them,
and gave each one a bag of gold.



GRAY CAT AND BLACK CAT

“We have nothing for supper,”
said Gray Cat to Black Cat.

“We will go to the store,”
said Black Cat.

“We will buy some meat.
You may help me to carry the basket.”

“Very well,” said Gray Cat.



So they went to the store.

On the way home they saw a Fox.

Black Cat ran away. Gray Cat
went on with the basket.

By and by, she met the Fox.

Then Gray Cat ran away, too.

The Fox stole the basket.

Gray Cat and Black Cat went home.

Gray Cat sat on a chair.

Black Cat sat on the floor.

And they cried.

THE HUNGRY FOX

Once upon a time, there was a Fox,
who was very hungry.

So he went for a walk,
to find something for breakfast.

On the way he met a Hen.

“Where are you going, old Fox?”
asked the Hen.

“For a walk and back again,”
said the Fox.

“May I go, too?” asked the Hen.

“Oh, yes!” said the Fox.



“I will take you on my back.”

By and by, they met a Pigeon.

“Where are you going?”

asked the Pigeon.

“For a walk and back again,”

said the Fox.

“May I go, too?” asked the Pigeon.

“Oh, yes!” said the Fox.

“I will take you on my back.”

They went on till they met a Mouse.

“Where are you going?”

asked the Mouse.

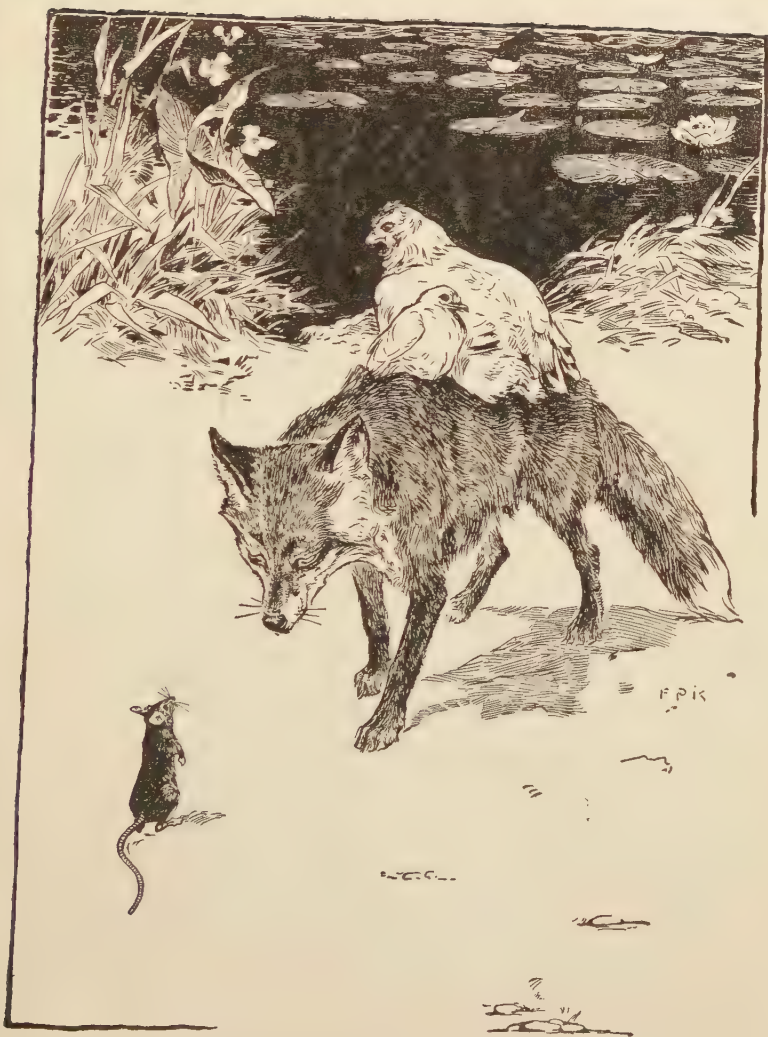
“For a walk and back again,”

said the Fox.

“May I go, too?” asked the Mouse.

“Oh, yes!” said the Fox.

“I will take you on my back.”



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

When they had gone a long way,
they came to the Fox's house.

"Come in," said the Fox,
"and see my pretty house.
Then I will take you home again."

When they were all in the house,
the Fox shut the door, and said,
"Now I will eat you for breakfast.
Come here, Hen."

"What have I done?" asked the Hen.

"You scratch up the garden,"
said the Fox.

And he ate the Hen.

"Come here, Pigeon."

"What have I done?"
asked the Pigeon.

"You sit on the roof all day,





and never, never work.”

And he ate the Pigeon.

“Come here, Mouse.”

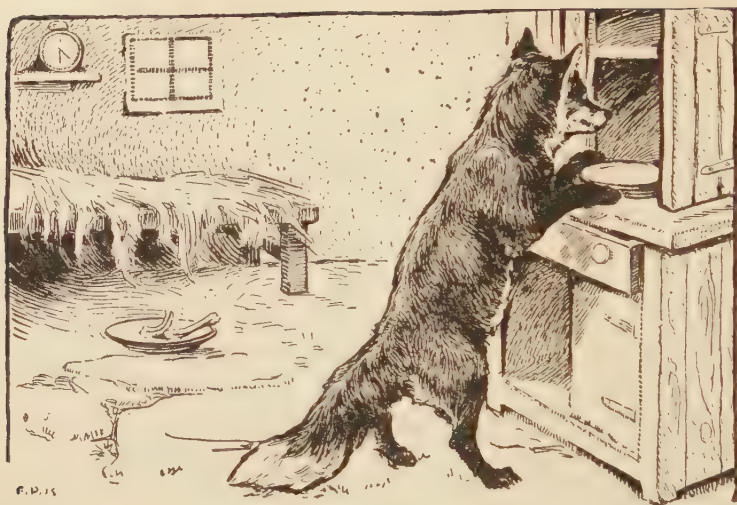
But the Mouse was not there.

She had gone through the keyhole,
to ask the Man to help her.

The Man came with his gun,
and killed the Fox.

And the Mouse sat up on a chair
and said, “I am little,
but I brought the Man
to kill the Fox.”





GRAY FOX

A Gray Fox lived by himself
in a house in a wood.

One morning he woke up,
and found that he had nothing to eat.

So he went out for a walk,
to see if he could find something
for his breakfast.

On the way he met a Hen.

When the Hen saw him, she flew away to the other side of the road.

“Don’t be afraid,” said the Fox.

“I used to eat hens,
but I don’t any more.”

“Where are you going?”
asked the Hen.

“For a walk and back again,”
said the Fox.

“Will you come with me, Hen?
I will take you on my back.”

“Thank you,” said the Hen,
“I will go with you.”

The Fox ran along the road,
till he met a Pigeon.

When the Pigeon saw him,
she started to fly away.

“Don’t fly away,” said the Fox.

“I used to eat pigeons,
but I don’t any more. Come and talk.”

“Where are you going?”
asked the Pigeon.

“For a walk and back again,”
said the Fox. “Will you come?
I will take you on my back.”

“Thank you,” said the Pigeon,
“I will go with you.”

The Fox walked along,
till a little black Mouse
ran across the road.

When she saw the Fox,
she hid in the tall grass.

“Don’t be afraid,” said the Fox.
“I used to eat little black mice,





but I don't any more."

"Where are you going?"
asked the Mouse.

"For a walk and back again,"
said the Fox. "Will you come?
I will take you on my back."

So he put her on his back,
and they went on and on,
till they came to the Fox's house.

"This is my house," said the Fox.
"I will give you some breakfast,
and then I will carry you home."

When they were all in the house,
the Fox shut the door, and said,
"Now I will have my breakfast.
Come here, Hen."

"What have I done?"
asked the Hen.

"You? You scratch
in the garden."

And he ate the Hen.

"Come here, Pigeon."

"What have I done?"
asked the Pigeon.

"You sit on the roof all day,
and never, never work."





And he ate the Pigeon.

“Come here, Mouse.”

But the Mouse was not there.

She had gone through the keyhole,
to tell the Man about the Fox.

And the Man came with his gun,
and killed the Fox.

“Ha, ha!” laughed the Mouse.

And she sat up on a chair,
and waved her tail.



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

This is the house that Jack built.

This is the cheese,
that lay in the house
that Jack built.



This is the rat,
that ate the cheese,
that lay in the house
that Jack built.



This is the cat,
that killed the rat,
that ate the cheese,



that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
that teased the cat,
that killed the rat,
that ate the cheese,
that lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the cow
with the crooked horn,
that tossed the dog,
that teased the cat,
that killed the rat,
that ate the cheese,
that lay in the house that Jack built.





THE THREE BROTHER PIGS

Once there were three brother Pigs.

One was a great big Pig.

His name was Big Pig.

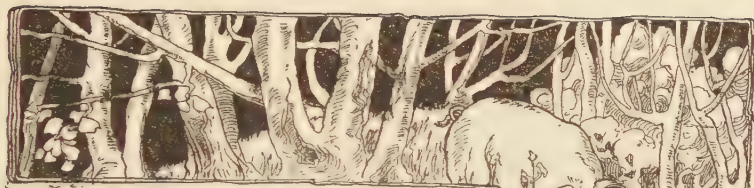
One was a middle-sized Pig.

His name was Pig — just Pig.

One was a little bit of a Pig,
and his name was Little Pig.

One day they went out for a walk.

They walked and walked,
till they came to a big wood.



Big Pig said,

"I can't see my house."

Pig said,

"I can't see my house."

Little Pig said,

"I can't see my house."

And all the Pigs said,

"We're lost."

"Let's build a little house,"
said Big Pig. "I'm tired.

I want to go to bed."

So they went along the road
to look for something
to build a house of.



By and by, they met a Man
with a load of hay.

Big Pig said, "Please, Man, give me
some hay. I want to make a house."

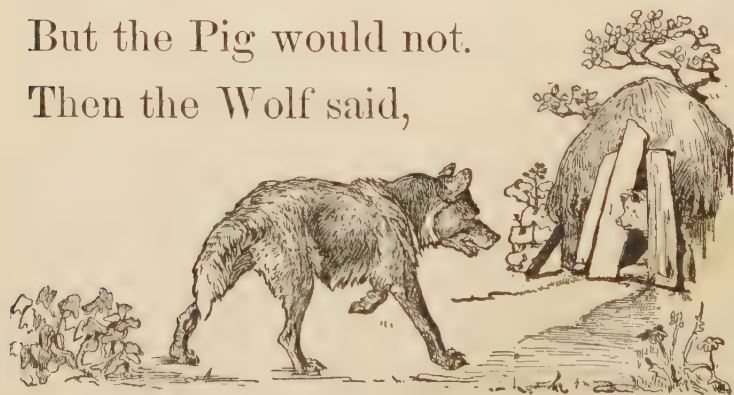
And the Man gave him the hay.

So Big Pig made a house
of the hay, and when night came,
he went to bed.

By and by, the big, bad Wolf came,
and knocked at the door, and said,
"Big Pig, Big Pig, let me in."

But the Pig would not.

Then the Wolf said,



“You let me in, Big Pig,
or I’ll puff and I’ll puff,
till I blow your house down.”

But the Pig would not.

So the Wolf puffed and puffed,
till he blew the house down,
and he ate poor Big Pig all up.

Pig went along the road,
till he met a Man with some wood.

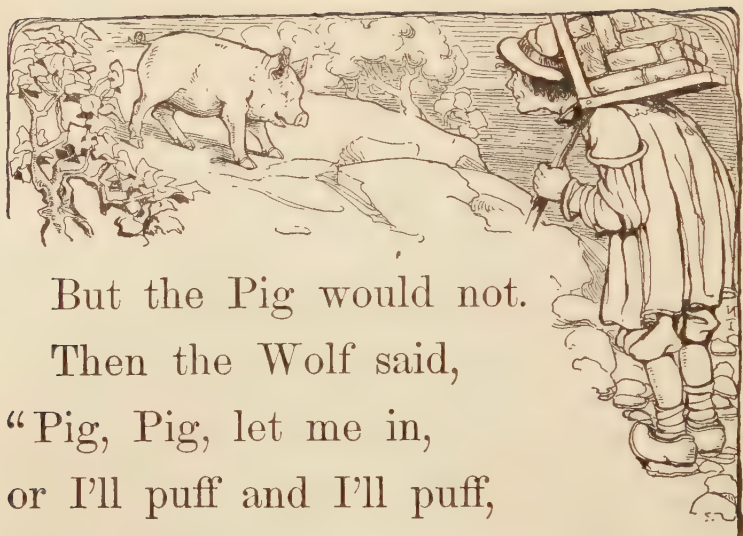
He said, “Please, Man, give me
some wood. I want to make a house.”

And the Man gave him the wood.

So Pig made a house of the wood,
and when night came, he went to bed.

By and by, the big, bad Wolf came,
and knocked at the door, and said,

“Pig, Pig, let me in.”



But the Pig would not.

Then the Wolf said,
“Pig, Pig, let me in,
or I’ll puff and I’ll puff,
till I blow your house down.”

But the Pig would not.

So the Wolf puffed and puffed,
till he blew the house down,
and he ate poor Pig all up.

Little Pig went along the road,
till he met a Man with some bricks.

He said, “Please, Man, give me
some bricks. I want to make a house.”

“All you want,” said the Man.
And he brought him enough for a house.

So Little Pig made a house
of the bricks.

By and by, the big, bad Wolf came,
and knocked at the door, and said,
“Little Pig, Little Pig, let me in.”

“I won’t,” said Little Pig.

“You let me in,” said the Wolf,
“or I’ll puff and I’ll puff,
till I blow your house down.”

But the Pig would not.

So the Wolf puffed and puffed,
but he could not blow the house down.

Then the Wolf said,
“Little Pig, I know a place
where there are some nice apples.



"I GOT A BIG BASKET OF APPLES."

Come with me, and I will show you.
Be ready at five o'clock
to-morrow morning."

"Very well," said Little Pig,
"I'll be ready."

But he got up at four o'clock,
and went for the apples.

He filled his basket with them.

The Wolf came at five o'clock.

He asked, "Are you ready,
Little Pig?"

"I found the apple tree,"
said Little Pig.

"I got a big basket of apples."

Then the Wolf was very angry,
and he growled, "Gr —— r!
I'll eat you up. You'll see!

I'll go up on the roof,
and come down through the chimney,
and I'll eat you up.

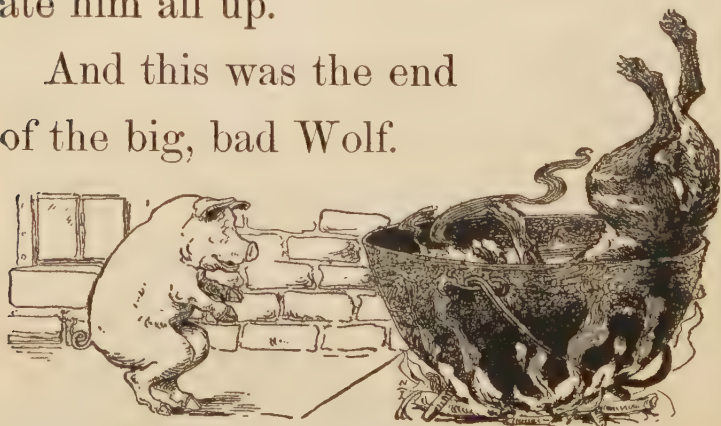
You'll see, Little Pig! You'll see!"

So he climbed up on the roof,
and came down through the chimney,
just as he had said he would.

Now there was a pot of hot water
on the stove.

The Wolf fell into it, and Little Pig
ate him all up.

And this was the end
of the big, bad Wolf.



THE WOLF
AND THE THREE LITTLE CATS

In the days of long ago,
there was a puss named Big Cat.

She had three children.

One kitten was black,
and her name was Black Cat.

One kitten was white,
and her name was White Cat.

One kitten was gray,
and her name was Gray Cat.

One day Big Cat said,
“Children, I am going to the store,
to buy some candy for you.
While I am gone, you must be good,
and you must not make any noise,
for the Wolf may hear you.”

The little Cats said, "Yes, Mother."

So when Big Cat was ready,
she put on her hat,
and took a basket,
and went away to the store.

And the three little Cats sat still,
and tried to be very good.

Black Cat said, "I will read."

Gray Cat said, "I will write
on my slate, and be very still."

White Cat said, "I will knit
a mitten, and be very still."



And they were very good.

Now there was a Wolf,
who lived near Big Cat's house.

He had sharp, white teeth,
and four big, black paws,
and he was always hungry.

When he saw Big Cat go away,
the bad Wolf said to himself,
“Now I will go into Big Cat's house,
and eat up all the little Cats.”

And he licked his lips, and said,
“What a fine supper I shall have!”



So he went on tiptoe
to Big Cat's door,
and he knocked a wee, little knock.
It was just like Big Cat's.

"Who is knocking at the door?"
asked the little Cats.

"Mother is here," said the Wolf.
"Let me in at once."

So White Cat opened the door
a little bit, and peeped out.

"Show me your paw," she said.

The Wolf put in his big, black paw.

"That is not Mother's paw,"
said White Cat.

"Mother's paw is white,
and your paw is black."

And she shut the door.





So the big, bad Wolf went away
to his own house in the woods.

He said, "I will make my paw white,
just like Big Cat's."

So he put it in some water,
but the black did not come off.

He blew and blew on his paw,
but the black did not come off.

Then he put it in a bag of flour,
and it came out all white.



Again the Wolf went on tiptoe,
until he came to Big Cat's house.

He knocked a wee, little knock.
It was just like Big Cat's.

"Who is knocking at the door?"
asked the little Cats.

"Mother," said the Wolf.

The little Cats called out,
"Show us your paw."

The Wolf showed his white paw.

“Your paw looks very white,”
said the little Cats,
“but your voice is not sweet.
You are not Mother.”

And they shut the door.
So the Wolf went away
to his own house in the woods.

Then he thought to himself,
“I will make my voice sweet,
just like Big Cat’s voice.”

So the Wolf ate sugar.

He ate as much as he could,
till his voice was sweet,
just like Big Cat’s.

Then he went on tiptoe
to Big Cat’s house.

And he knocked a wee, little knock.



It was just like Big Cat's.

"Who is knocking at the door?"
asked the little Cats.

"It is Mother," said the Wolf.
"Let me in."

The Cats heard the sweet voice,
and they said, "That is Mother."

So they opened the door.

In through the door
came the big, hungry Wolf.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed.
"I've come to eat you up."

The three little Cats ran to hide.



Black Cat went up the chimney.

White Cat hid in the clock.

Gray Cat climbed up on a shelf.

That made the Wolf very angry,
for he wanted his supper.

And he snarled and growled.

He tried to reach up the chimney
to get Black Cat, but his arm
was not long enough.

He tried to shake White Cat
out of the clock, but he could not.

Gray Cat danced on the shelf,
and laughed, "You can't get us.
Mr. Wolf, you can't get us."

That made the Wolf very cross,
and he stamped on the kitchen floor,
and said, "I will eat you up!

Gr—r! I will eat you up! Gr—r!”

But he couldn't eat them up.

So the angry Wolf had to go away without any supper.

When the Wolf was gone,
Black Cat came out of the chimney;
White Cat came out of the clock;
and Gray Cat came down
from the shelf.

And every time the little Cats
thought of the hungry Wolf,
they laughed and laughed and laughed.



CAT-CAT AND MOUSE-MOUSE

Cat-cat was out in the garden.

She was eating her supper.

It was a big, big supper.

There was bread, with milk and sugar.

Mouse-mouse was in the garden, too.

Mouse-mouse did not have any supper,
and he was very, very hungry.

So he took off his hat,
and made a bow, and said, "Cat-cat,
please give me some supper."

And Cat-cat said in a cross voice,
"Go away, or I'll catch you,
and eat you up for supper, too."

So Mouse-mouse went
and sat on the garden wall,
and made no noise.





"O FAIRIES, HEAR ME!"

After a little while he said,
“Do you see the Moon, Cat-cat?
It is a nice night to dance.”

“Yes, I see it,” said Cat-cat,
“and I should like to dance.
I should like to dance all night.”

“Then dance,” said Mouse-mouse.

“I do not know how,” said Cat-cat.

Then Mouse-mouse thought
of the fairies. “I’ll show you,”
he said. “Wait here for me.”

Mouse-mouse ran to the green woods,
where the fairies lived.

He took off his hat, and made a bow,
and said, “O Fairies, hear me!
I am very, very hungry, and Cat-cat
will not give me any of her supper.



Give me the little red boots,
and I will give them to Cat-cat,
and Cat-cat will dance all night,
and I will eat her supper."

So the fairies gave Mouse-mouse
their little red boots,
and he carried them to Cat-cat.

"Here, Cat-cat, put on these boots.

They will make you dance.

You may dance all night long."

"I will dance first," said Cat-cat,
"and then I will eat my supper."

So she put the boots on her paws,
and no sooner were they on,
than she began to dance.

She danced up the garden.
She danced down the garden.
She danced around the garden.
She danced till she was tired.



"Mouse-mouse, stop me!" she cried.
"Please stop me. I am very tired."

But Mouse-mouse only laughed,
and sat on the garden wall.

"You put on fairy boots, Cat-cat.
You can never take them off.

You will have to dance
till you wear them out."

"Please stop me, Mouse-mouse,"
said poor Cat-cat. "I am tired."

"Dance, Cat-cat! Dance!"
said Mouse-mouse. "I am going
to eat your supper." And he did.

But Cat-cat danced and danced
the whole night long.

And Mouse-mouse laughed,
the Moon laughed, and the fairies
laughed most of all.





THE GINGERBREAD BOY

Once upon a time
there was a little girl,
and a little boy.

They hadn't any little brothers,
nor even any little sisters;
and they thought they would like
a little brother to play with.

So one day they made a little boy
of gingerbread.

They made little red candy boots,
and a little yellow candy hat,
and a brown candy coat for him.

Then they rolled him out,
and put him in a big pan,
and put the pan in the oven.

Then they shut the oven door,
and said, "Bake, Oven! Bake!
And we shall have a little brother
to play with."

When they thought it was time
for the Gingerbread Boy to be done,
they opened the oven door.

Out he jumped through the door,
and away he ran through the street.

The little boy and the little girl
ran after him as fast as they could,



but the Gingerbread Boy laughed,
and shouted,

“Run! Run!

As fast as you can!

You can't catch me,

I'm the Gingerbread Man.”

And they could not catch him.
So he ran on and on,
till he met Little Bo-Peep in a field.

“Stop, Gingerbread Boy!” said she.
“I want to eat you all up.”

But he only laughed again,
and said, “No, no, Bo-Peep.
I have run away from a little boy,
and a little girl; and I can run
away from you, too.”

Then he started to run away,
and as Little Bo-Peep chased him,
he looked back at her, and shouted,

“Run! Run!

As fast as you can!

You can’t catch me,

I’m the Gingerbread Man.”



And little Bo-Peep
could not catch him.
So he ran on and on,
till he met the Old Woman
Who Lived in a Shoe.

“Come here, Little Gingerbread Boy,”
said the Old Woman.
“You look like a fairy.
I should like to take you home
to my children.”

But he only laughed again,
and said, “ I have run away
from a little boy, a little girl,
and Little Bo-Peep; and I can run
away from you, too.”

And as the Old Woman chased him,
he looked back at her, and shouted,

“ Run! Run!

As fast as you can!

You can't catch me,

I'm the Gingerbread Man.”

The Old Woman couldn't catch him.
So he went on and on,
till he met Jack and Jill,
going for some water.

“Stop, stop, Little Gingerbread Boy!”
they said. “What a nice little candy hat



you wear! Come with us.

We wish to eat you."

But he only laughed, and said,
"I have run away from a little girl,
a little boy, Little Bo-Peep,
and the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe;
and I can run away from you, too."



And as Jack and Jill chased him,
he looked back at them, and cried,

“Run! Run!

As fast as you can!

You can't catch me,

I'm the Gingerbread Man.”

And they ran as fast as they could,
but they couldn't catch him.

So he said to himself,

“Nobody can ever catch me.”

By and by, he came to a duck pond.

“Ho, ho!” said the big Duck.

"I should like to eat you,
Little Gingerbread Boy."



"You can't catch me,"
cried the Gingerbread Boy.

"I can swim across the pond."

And as he swam,
he looked over his shoulder,
to see how near the Duck was.

"Dear me, I am growing soft!"
said the Little Gingerbread Boy.

"There go my red boots."

A minute later he said,
"There goes my brown coat."

A little while later he said,
"There goes my yellow hat."

And after that he grew so soft,
that he never said anything more.

HANS AND THE BROWNIE

Once there was a Brownie.

He lived in a little house,
down under the ground.

Now the Brownie wore a hat
just like this picture.

At the top of the hat,
there was a bell.



When the Brownie walked,
the bell said, "Tingle-too!
Tingle-too!"

And now comes the story.

You remember that this Brownie
lived down under the ground.

One day he came up
to see the sunshine and the people.

He grew very, very tired,



and fell asleep under an oak tree.

When the little Brownie woke up,
his tingle-too was gone.

“Where is my tingle-too?” he asked.

He looked and looked,
but he could not find it anywhere.

So the Brownie changed himself
into a little bird.

He went first to the Lark's house,
and said, "My tingle-too is lost.
Have you found it?"

"I have not seen it," said the Lark.
Then he went to the Robin's house.
"Robin, I have lost my tingle-too.
Did you find it?"

But the Robin was eating cherries,
and would not stop to talk.

One day the Brownie was flying
high up in the sky.

Far below him there was a Boy.



He was watching his sheep.

His name was Hans.

The Brownie saw Hans take a bell out of his pocket, and shake it.

It said, "Tingle-too! Tingle-too!"

"I have found my tingle-too," said the Brownie.

So he flew down to the field. There he changed himself into an Old Woman.

"That is a pretty bell, Hans," said the Old Woman.



“Will you sell it to me?”

I will give you a bag of gold.”

“No, no,” said the sheep boy,

“I do not want the gold.”

“I will give you two wings,”
said the Old Woman.

“Then you can fly like the birds.”

“But I am not a bird,” said Hans.

“I do not want the wings.”

Then the Old Woman showed him
a long, white stick.

“I will give you this stick,”
she said. “While you keep it,
your sheep will follow you.”

Hans looked at the stick.

He thought he would like to own it.

“How pretty it is!” he said.



“Yes, I will take the stick.

You may have the bell.”

In a minute the Old Woman was gone,
and there was a Brownie,
with a tingle-too on his hat.

So Hans kept the stick,
and his sheep always followed him,
just as the Brownie had said.

THE THREE BEARS

Once upon a time, long, long ago,
there were three Bears.

One was a Great Big Bear.

One was a Middle-sized Bear.

And one was a Little Bit of a Bear.

These Bears lived in a little house,
in the big, green woods.

In the Bears' kitchen
there were three bowls.

There was a great big bowl,
for the Great Big Bear.

There was a middle-sized bowl,
for the Middle-sized Bear.

There was a little bit of a bowl,
for the Little Bit of a Bear.

In the Bears' little parlor

there were three chairs.

There was a great big chair,
for the Great Big Bear to sit on.

There was a middle-sized chair,
for the Middle-sized Bear to sit on.

There was a little bit of a chair,
for the Little Bit of a Bear to sit on.

In the bedroom were three beds.

There was a great big bed,
for the Great Big Bear to sleep in.

There was a middle-sized bed,
for the Middle-sized Bear to sleep in.

And there was a little bit of a bed,
for the Little Bit of a Bear
to sleep in.

Now these Bears always had soup
for dinner.



"MY SOUP IS TOO HOT."

One day the Great Big Bear said,
in his great big voice,
“My soup is too hot.”

And the Middle-sized Bear said,
in his middle-sized voice,
“My soup is too hot.”

And the Little Bit of a Bear said,
in his little bit of a voice,
“My soup is too hot.”

And all the Bears said,
“Let’s go out for a walk.”

So all the Bears went for a walk,
and left the soup to cool.

While the Bears were gone,
a Little Old Woman came along.
She knocked at the door.

Nobody said, “Come in.”

She knocked again.

Nobody said, "Come in."

So the Little Old Woman
opened the door, and went in.

She saw the three bowls of soup
on the table.

She took a spoon,
and tasted the soup
in the great big bowl.

"This soup is too hot for me,"
said the Little Old Woman.

Then she tasted the soup
in the middle-sized bowl.





“This soup is too hot for me,”
said the Little Old Woman.

Then she tasted the soup
in the little bit of a bowl.

“This soup is just right for me,”
said the Little Old Woman.

And she ate it all up.

Then the Little Old Woman
went into the parlor, and sat down
in the great big chair.

“This chair is too hard for me,”
said the Little Old Woman.

Then she sat down
in the middle-sized chair.

“This chair is too soft for me,”
said the Little Old Woman.

Then she sat down
in the little bit of a chair.

“This chair is just right,”
said the Little Old Woman.

And she sat there
till the chair broke into pieces.

Then the Little Old Woman

went into the Bears' bedroom.

She lay down on the great big bed.

"This bed is too hard for me,"
said the Little Old Woman.

Then she tried the middle-sized bed.

"This bed is too soft for me,"
said the Little Old Woman.

Then she lay down
on the little bit of a bed.

"This bed is just right,"
said the Little Old Woman.

And she fell fast asleep.





When the Bears came home,
they looked at the bowls of soup
on the table.

“Somebody has been tasting
my soup,” said the Great Big Bear,
in his great big voice.

“Somebody has been tasting
my soup,” said the Middle-sized Bear,
in his middle-sized voice.

“Somebody has been tasting my soup,” said the Little Bit of a Bear, in his little bit of a voice.

“And it’s all gone.”

“There is somebody in the house,” growled the Great Big Bear.

“We will go and see.”

And the three Bears went on tiptoe across the kitchen floor into the parlor.

“Somebody has been sitting in my chair,” said the Great Big Bear, in his great big voice.

“Somebody has been sitting in my chair,” said the Middle-sized Bear, in his middle-sized voice.

“Somebody has been sitting
in my chair,”
said the Little Bit of a Bear,
in his little bit of a voice.

“And it’s all broken to pieces.”

Then the three Bears
looked into the bedroom.

“Somebody has been sleeping
in my bed,” said the Great Big Bear,
in his great big voice.

“Somebody has been sleeping
in my bed,”
said the Middle-sized Bear,





in his middle-sized voice.

“And there she is in my bed,”
said the Little Bit of a Bear,
in his little bit of a voice.

Then the three Bears looked
at the Little Old Woman.

“Gr—r!” said the Great Big Bear,
in his great big voice.

“Gr—r!” said the Middle-sized Bear,
in his middle-sized voice.

“Gr—r!”
said the Little Bit of a Bear,
in his little bit of a voice.

Then they growled all together,
and the Little Old Woman heard them.

She rolled out of the bed,
and jumped out of the window,
and never saw the Bears again.



THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE CITY MOUSE

Once there was a Mouse.

She lived in the country.

One day her cousin came to see her.
Her cousin lived in the city.

The Country Mouse was very glad
to see the City Mouse,
and asked her to stay to dinner.

“Thank you,” said the City Mouse.
And she took off her hat and coat,
and helped to put the dishes
on the table.



When dinner was ready,
the City Mouse looked
at the corn and the beans,
and said to herself,
“What a funny dinner!
Not a bit of cake or cheese.”

“Come to my house,” she said.
“I have cheese every day
for my dinner.”

“Thank you very much,”
said the Country Mouse. “I’ll go.”

So the two Mice went to the city.

When they got there,
they were very hungry.

“Come to the kitchen,”
said the City Mouse. “I’ll show you
where the Cook keeps the things.”



THE TWO MICE WENT TO THE CITY.

The City Mouse

ran across the kitchen,
and into a big closet.

“The Cook made a pie,”
she said. “I must find it.”

She looked around in the closet
till she found the pie.

“Here it is,” said the City Mouse.
“This is better than corn and beans.”

Just as they were beginning to eat,
they heard a terrible noise
in the kitchen.

“What’s that?”
asked the Country Mouse.

“That’s the Cat,”
whispered the City Mouse “Run!”

Both Mice ran.





When they were safe,
the Country Mouse asked,
“Why did you run?”

“Never stay in the kitchen
when the Cat comes,”
said the City Mouse.

“She would eat you up.
We will go to the cellar,
and find some apples. I like apples.”

So away the two Mice went
to the nice, cool cellar.

“What a lot of apples!”
said the Country Mouse.
“And there is a big pot of soup.
Do you smell cheese? I do.”

“Yes, I smell cheese,”
said the City Mouse,
“but we won’t eat it. It is in a trap.”

“What is a trap?”
asked the Country Mouse.

The City Mouse showed her the trap.

“The Cook puts cheese in it,”
said the City Mouse,
“but if you eat the cheese,
something comes down hard
on your head, and kills you.”



The Country Mouse looked
at the trap.

“I will go home,” said she.
“I do not like your house.
There is a Cat in the kitchen,
and a trap in the cellar.
I like my corn and beans
better than your cake and apples.”

THE LITTLE HALF-CHICK

In a country far away,
there lived a little Chicken.

This Chicken had only one eye,
and one wing, and one leg.
He was just half a chicken.

He was a very naughty Half-chick.
He would not mind his mother,
and he went wherever he wanted to go.

One day the little Half-chick said,
“Good-by, Mother. I’m going
to the city to see the King.”

“No, no!” said his mother.
“Do not go. It is too far away.
You will be killed in the city.”

But the Half-chick
only laughed, and said,



“I shall not stay here all my life.
I’m off to see the King
and the beautiful city.”

And away he went down the road.
He could not go very fast,
because he had only one leg.

The Half-chick had gone a long way,
when he came to a River
that was nearly lost in the weeds.

“O Half-chick, Half-chick,”
whispered the Water, “I’m choked.

Take these weeds out of my way."

"Why," said the Half-chick,
"I can't stop to help you.
You know I'm going
to the city to see the King."



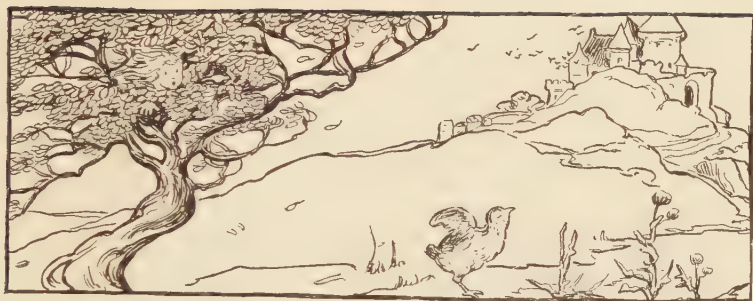
And away he went down the road.

The Half-chick went on and on,
till he came to a Fire,
nearly smothered in damp grass.

"Please, Half-chick,"
said the Fire, "fan me a little
with your wing. I am almost dead."

"Why," said the Half-chick,
"I can't stop to bother with you.
You know I'm going to the city
to see the King."

And away he went down the road.



When he had gone a long way,
he came to the Wind.

Now the Wind was up in a tree,
and could not get down.

“O Half-chick,” begged the Wind,
“please help me to get out of this tree.
I want to blow, but I can’t.”

“Why,” said the Half-chick,
“I can’t bother with you.
You know I’m off to the city
to see the King.”

And away he went down the road.

Pretty soon little Half-chick
came to the King's house.

He was hopping across the yard,
when the Cook saw him.

“Just what I want!” said the Cook.
And she picked him up, and put him
in a pot of water on the fire.

The Water came up and up
into the Half-chick's eye
and into his mouth.

The little Half-chick cried out,
“Water, Water, don't drown me!
Don't come so high!”

But the Water said, “Half-chick,
O little Half-chick,
when I was in trouble
you would not help me.”



THE COOK PUT HIM IN A POT OF WATER.

So the Water came up still higher.

Then the Water grew very hot,
and the Half-chick cried out,

“Fire, Fire, you are burning me!

Don’t make the Water so hot!”

But the Fire said, “Half-chick,
Half-chick, when I was in trouble
you would not help me.”

And the Fire burned more than ever.

Just then the Cook came in
to look at the dinner.

“Dear me! Dear me!” she said.

“This chicken is no good!”

And she threw him out of the window.

Then the Wind caught Half-chick up,
and blew him around and around,
till he was dizzy.

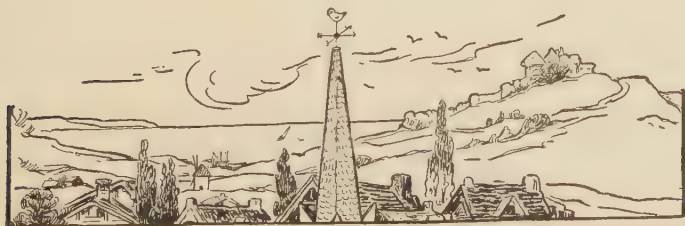
“Wind, Wind,” begged the Half-chick,
“let me down.”

But the Wind said,
“O Half-chick, Half-chick,
when I was in trouble
you would not help me.”

And the Wind blew him straight up
to the top of a tall steeple,
and stuck him fast there.

And there he stands to this day,
with his one eye, and his one leg,
and his one wing.

You may see him if you look.





LADY BIRD AND LITTLE FLY

Lady Bird and Little Fly
lived in a little house.

One day when they were drinking tea,
Lady Bird fell into her teacup,
and Little Fly began to weep.

“Little Fly, why do you weep?”
asked Little Broom.

“Ought I not to weep?”
asked Little Fly.

“Lady Bird is dead.”

“Oh,” said Little Broom,
“then I’ll sweep.”



And so Little Broom swept the garden.

Now there was a Little Fence
out in the garden,
and Little Fence asked,

“Little Broom, why do you sweep?”

“Ought I not to sweep?”
asked the Broom.

“Lady Bird is dead,
Little Fly weeps,
And so I sweep.”





“Then,” said Little Fence,
“I’ll run around the garden.”

And so Little Fence began
to run around the garden.

Now there was a Haystack
standing by the Fence,
and Haystack asked,
“Little Fence, why do you run?”

“Ought I not to run?”
asked Little Fence.

“Lady Bird is dead,
Little Fly weeps,
Little Broom sweeps,

And so I run around the garden.”



“Then,” said Haystack, “I’ll burn.”

And so Haystack burned.

House Door asked,

“Haystack, why do you burn?”

“Ought I not to burn?”
asked Haystack.

“Lady Bird is dead,
Little Fly weeps,
Little Broom sweeps,
Little Fence runs,
And so I burn.”





“Then I’ll slam,” said House Door,
And so House Door slammed,
and made such a noise,
that Little Fly stopped weeping,
Little Broom stopped sweeping,
Little Fence stopped running,
Haystack stopped burning,
and Lady Bird climbed
out of the teacup.



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